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AN INDEPENDENT
WEEKLY

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Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

50c a Year

VOL. II.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1900.

NO. 6.

THE CITIZEN

C. REXFORD RAYMOND, Editor.

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THE CITIZEN, Berea, Ky.

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IDEAS.

He that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster. *Bible.*

Never berate the town you live in. If you don't like it either help to make it better or move.

The man that keeps the Sabbath, and brings up his children to attend Sunday-school and meeting regularly, doubles his prospects of a happy old age.

Notice how much The CITIZEN gives you for less than one cent a week!

President Frost preaches at the Baptist Church in Berea, Aug. 12th.

Repeat the Goebel Election Law, and rebuke the men that made it.

FOREIGN.

Germany is suffering from cold weather and snow storms.

Most of the Chinese residents of Germany have left that country.

Mount Azuma, Japan, is in eruption and 200 people are killed or injured.

Boers made a fierce attack on British near Heidelberg, Sunday, but were beaten off.

Latest reports from China, coming through Chinese sources, are that the foreigners at Peking are all alive and are about to start for Tien Tsin under escort. United States will mediate on conditions that ministers be delivered at seaport.

During the week various reports have come from China concerning the safety of the foreigners in Peking, but it is generally believed that the massacre took place. The allies after heavy loss captured Tien Tsin, July 13. China has appealed to France and to the United States to help establish peace. War is declared between China and Russia. Sixty missionaries and one hundred native Christians are said to have been massacred at Tai Tuan.

NATIONAL.

Small-pox is reported prevalent at Cape Nome.

Two hundred insurgents and 12 Americans killed in the Philippines last week.

Amnesty resolutions have been sent to Aguinaldo, and his reply is expected within a month.

Dunn reports signs of improvement in trade. The wheat crop amounted to 540,000,000 bushels, and corn and oats show immense yield.

The Citizens' Committee of St. Louis expect to hold several mass meetings to protest against the continued street railway strike and boycott.

KENTUCKY.

Wheat crop in Kentucky said to be the best for thirty-five years.

Caleb Powers is standing his trial well. The week has been consumed in hearing witnesses, but there has been no new developments yet.

Ex-Gov. W. O. Bradley declines to be a candidate for congress in the eighth district, and it is probable that Hon. George M. Davison will be nominated.

Democratic convention at Lexington, July 19. Beckham was nominated for governor, and three important changes in the Goebel law were recommended.

Those who live on farms are liable to many accidental cuts, burns and bruises, which heal rapidly when Ballard's Snow Liniment is promptly applied. Price 25 and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

The Lexington Horse Show, Fair and Carnival at Lexington, Aug. 13-18. Excursion rates on all railroads.

No feature is omitted by the Lexington Horse Show, Fair, and Carnival, Aug. 13-18. Premiums for everything, every kind of stock. Excursion rates.

Locals and Personals.

Praise God for the rain! Prof. Clay Herrick has a son. Mrs. Erastus Spence is quite sick. Jack Burnam spent Sunday in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Lizzie Burke is visiting in the country.

Mrs. Jane Estridge is visiting in Clay county.

Mary Diggs died last Tuesday of consumption.

Mrs. Dan Baker, of Cartersville, Ky., is in the city.

Mrs. J. M. Wood leaves today for her home at Lexington.

Fred M. Judson is again at his case in the printing office.

The dates for the Berea fair have not been fully decided upon.

Quite a crowd from Berea spent Saturday at Mallory Springs.

W. D. Smith and Willie Earls arrived from Chicago last week.

Miss Minnie Koch, of Cincinnati, is visiting the Misses Richardson.

J. L. Rawlings, of Burning Springs, was in town last week on business.

The judgment against dividing or abolishing Berea seems to be decisive.

Mrs. Julia Hunting is attending the London, Ky., Institute this week.

Mrs. Nancy Ogg, who has been ill for several months, is not expected to live.

J. E. Williams, of Germantown, Ky., has been visiting his wife this week.

Rev. Henry and Mrs. Derthick left yesterday for a visit with relatives at Mantua, Ohio.

Mike Reynolds, T. A. and E. L. Robinson went to Cincinnati on the excursion Sunday.

Quite a crowd greeted Rev. John Dodwell, of Florida, at Slate Lick Sunday afternoon.

Miss Rebecca Yates died Wednesday and was buried in the Berea cemetery Thursday.

Parties desiring copies of the Lexington Fair Catalog may get them by calling at this office.

J. W. Stevens and Miss Ella Chastain attended a party at J. C. Armstrong's, Saturday night.

Mrs. Mattie McCormick, of Paint Lick, and Jeanie Wallace, of Point Leavelle, are at Slate Lick.

Mrs. B. C. Richardson and Miss Cook, of Wildie, are with the Misses Richardson on Center street.

Geo. F. Bengel, formerly of Berea, and who served in the Spanish-American war, has offered his services in China.

Little Miss Ethel Duncan gave a very delightful party Monday afternoon from 4:30 to 5:30 to the "Happy Home Club."

Miss Julia Moore, of Jackson county, is visiting the family of Mr. F. C. Maupin. Miss Edna Maupin will return with her to Jackson.

Hon. W. B. Smith, of Richmond, Ky., had a very valuable horse and buggy stolen from his home, Monday night. He offers a reward of \$25.

Mrs. Cora Smith expects to leave today for Hindman, Ky., to visit the Camp Industrial, which is in the charge of Katherine Pettit, whom many of our readers know.

Pres. Frost is in Oberlin, O., this week. He will preach at Cleveland, July 29, and at Rock Ford, Aug. 5, and will make an address at the Rock River Chautauquan Assembly, Aug. 3.

Several of our office force have received the following invitation:

Misses Richardson
At Home
Friday evening,
July twenty-seventh,
7:30.

Mrs. Kate E. Putnam left Saturday for West Virginia, where she will attend the following institutes: Hinton, W. V., 4th week of July; Union, W. V., 1st week of August; Fayetteville, W. Va., 2nd week of August; Booneville, Ky., 3rd week of August.

Rev. John Dodwell, of Florida, will conduct the Union church prayer meeting tonight, and preach next Sunday. He spoke with great power at Slate Lick last Sunday evening. Next Sunday evening he will be at Narrow Gap.

The Williams young people, who have worked so hard to attend school here, are all doing well. Wm. A. Williams teaches at Harlanville, Harlan county, Isabelle has a position in Cincinnati, and Mary has just gone to a place where she can make good earnings in Villie Grove, Ill. All expect to return for further study.

Madison County.

The Richmond Fair began yesterday and will last four days.

The Madison County Sunday-school Union will hold its fourteenth annual convention at Mount Pleasant Church, Saturday, July 28th, with addresses by Rev. W. R. Lloyd, Clarence Poage, Rev. C. H. Palmer, L. V. Dodge and others.

The July examination of applicants for county teachers' certificates, held last Friday, and Saturday was one of the most lightly attended in years, only ten persons, as follows, taking the examination: Miss Belle Holman, Newby; Henry J. Pittman, Whites Station; Miss Allie Lewis, Berea; Ledford Creekmore, Kingston; Miss Mattie Gentry, Richmond; J. H. Amerine, Portwood; Miss Bessie Roberts, Kingston; Miss Lillie McWhorton, Miss Mary Price Miller, Brassfield; Miss Talitha Gay, Berea. —Register.

The colored people of Richmond and Madison county have decided to have a fair this year. They met a few days ago and elected the following officers: E. M. Embry, president; Robert White, vice-president; John Walker, 2nd vice-president; Dr. J. A. Gwynn, treasurer; Jeff White, secretary, and T. B. Stone, assistant secretary; and S. A. Burton, advertising agent.

The meeting will be held at the Richmond fair grounds the latter part of August. Everything in the way of farm and domestic products and live stock will be exhibited. A good attendance is expected.

The two great political conventions have been held. The Republicans nominated Hon. M. W. Yerkes—a man of the very highest character and ability, and they call upon all good citizens to help restore in Kentucky the right of the people to elect their own rulers.

The Democrats nominated Hon. J. W. C. Beckham, a young man, whose first public fault perhaps has been to plot to defeat the will of the people, and to take an office to which he was not elected. The Democrats, instead of repealing the Goebel law, as they have the power to do, content themselves with a vague promise to amend it at some future time. In the mean time they propose to give the Republicans what is their just right—some representation upon the election boards!

It is a strange and sad thing in Kentucky when tyranny is made legal, and the only privilege of the party out of power is that which is given them by the party in power! The CITIZEN is strictly non-partisan, but this is not a contest between parties, but a fight for the right of self-government. Our sympathies are with those who support Yerkes.

The total circulation of national bank notes, at the close of business June 30, 1900, was \$309,559,619, an increase for the year of \$68,291,023. The circulation, based on United States bonds, was \$274,115,552, an increase for the year of \$68,851,458.

Of Special Interest.

Pike or Mud—Which?

The time is slipping by and the question of a good road through the main thoroughfare of Berea is still unsettled.

If there is another month of inaction it will be settled in favor of mud, misery, and the profanity of teamsters.

And yet if all the people who have said "Why don't they build a pike?" would turn in and help, the pike would be built.

The trouble is we have been holding back and selfishly hoping the subscription would be completed without our help.

Others have been disgusted because some who were to be largely benefited by the pike had subscribed little or nothing. But this must not bind us from doing our share.

During the next few days two or three men will give their time to carrying the subscription paper around. Don't put them off. Don't argue too long. Don't try to figure out how little you can give.

It is a great chance to do a great thing in which we shall rejoice for years to come.

The subscriptions already made are a splendid "starter." But the whole project lays in doubt. Will you do your part?

County Institutes.

The following institutes will be held July 23: Hyden, Leslie; Jackson, McKee; Hazard, Perry; Campton, Wolfe; Laurel; Hindman, Knot. The Estill county institute will be held at Irvine, July 30.

The Live Stock Department of the Lexington Horse Show, Fair, and Carnival is the biggest thing ever attempted in the South. August 13-18. Cheap excursion rates on all railroads.

Lost!

A ticket to the Lexington fair, Aug. 13-18. Labeled, "Good for all features. Value unlimited." Finder will please return to this office and get reward.

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Ordinance.

The following ordinance will be voted on finally by the trustees of Berea, Ky., thirty days after the first publication of this notice.

That the present limits of the town of Berea be so changed that the west line shall be as follows:

Beginning at the west end of the foot-bridge, on Chestnut avenue and running north-west with Ellipse street to north limit of the town, and from the same beginning south-east to the south limit of the town including the residence of E. P. Fairchild.

S. E. WELCH, Chairman.
E. L. ROBINSON, Clerk.

A PROCLAMATION OF

ECONOMY for the Spring and Summer
Season in Men's and Boys' Fine
Stylish Made

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LESS MONEY

Than elsewhere. How can we afford to sell such high-grade Clothing for less money than elsewhere? Our answer is pure and simple. Ours is a modern store, constructed strictly on progressive plans, our Clothing is sold on the smallest margin of profit, depending on a large volume of business. The more Clothing we sell, the greater our purchasing power the lower our prices, that's the story in a nut-shell.

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The Psalms and Their Story. A study of the Psalms as related to Jewish history. Two volumes (in box) with gilt top, \$2.50. Special introductory price, postpaid, 2.00

The Story of a Pumpkin Pie. A child's book, richly illustrated by A. M. Willard. One of the brightest books for children, 75 cents. Special introductory price, postpaid, .60

Pine Knot. A story of Kentucky life. A novel full of the atmosphere of the quaint mountain life with its wealth of amusing peculiarities, and it also has a historical value, since it pictures conditions attendant upon the anti-slavery movement. The author has adroitly utilized a mountain legend of a lost mine. Price, 1.50

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CURES WHERE ALL OTHERS HAVE FAILED.

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THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

BEREA, - - - KENTUCKY.

In the manufacture of tobacco St. Louis has long led all the rest of the world. From the Missouri district, chiefly in its principal city, the government draws far more revenue from tobacco manufacture than it does from any other quarter in the country.

In San Diego county, California, recently, there died, at the great age of 133 years, Augustine, chief of the Sequola tribe of Indians. He has ruled the tribe over 100 years, and in all that time had never been incapacitated by sickness for more than one day at a time.

The oldest living recipient of an honorary degree from Harvard is ex-Gov. George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who received the LL. D. degree in 1851, when it was the custom to so honor the governor of the state, a custom which stopped with the election of Benjamin F. Butler.

The insurance people will soon take up the matter of having cotton baled in the new-fashioned round bale, instead of the old square bale, which has always been more or less of a tinder box. The new style is almost proof against the careless use of fire, and the increased cost of baling is not worth taking into consideration. No doubt the necessary legislation will be forthcoming soon.

Baron Hayashi, the new Japanese minister to the court of St. James, is regarded as one of the ablest among Japanese junior statesmen. He passed the early part of his official career in the department of public works, but he was subsequently transferred to the rank of vice minister, holding that post throughout the war with China and receiving a patent of nobility for distinguished service.

When Trinity college, Dublin, confers the degree of doctor of divinity upon Rt. Rev. William Crosswell Doane, according to its announced intention, it will make the third time the bishop of the diocese of Albany has been honored by educational institutions in Great Britain. He now holds a similar degree from Oxford, while Cambridge has dubbed him doctor of laws. Bishop Doane is a son of Boston, having been born there in 1832.

On a bet of \$2,000 James Clayton, of Gulf Mills, Pa., has started to tour the United States a wheel. He must not use any other means of progress not even walking unless the road shall be absolutely impassable, and must return by March 28, 1901, having meantime visited every city of 500,000 inhabitants or over, getting the signature in each city of either the mayor or chief of police. Mr. Clayton is not an expert rider.

Thirty-one cases of divorce, separation or annulment of marriage, there being no defense in any of them, were disposed of by Justice Andrews, of the supreme court, New York, a few days ago at an average speed of ten minutes to the case. The character of the evidence in a number of the cases favored expedition. Several defendants appeared as witnesses for the plaintiffs and admitted their guilt. Evidence in some of the cases had been taken on commission in other states.

One of the most striking objects at the military service institute museum on Governor's Island, N. Y., is the identical black charger, Winchester, on which Gen. Philip Sheridan took his celebrated ride during the civil war. The animal is stuffed, of course, because he died in 1876, but the taxidermist has done his work so well that the horse is almost as natural as in life. He was prepared and mounted at Gen. Sheridan's own expense and presented by him to the museum.

Cutting the sudd on the Upper Nile has released a mass of long-stagnant water which is working its way down the river, killing the fish as it goes. At Assouan, where the great dam is being built, the dead fish have been cast ashore in millions and the odor is unpleasant. The Nile water is all the workmen have to drink, and though, when filtered, it seems to have no ill effect upon them, eels plunged into the filtered water are suffocated in a few minutes.

Fifteen-year-old William Van Aliman, while picking berries west of Altoona, Pa., was nipped by a rattlesnake, which he failed to observe under a bush. The fangs of the reptile caught one of the boy's fingers near the end. First killing the snake, the lad drew his pocketknife, and, with Spartan courage, cut off the injured finger at the second joint. He bound the wound with his handkerchief and hastened to Altoona, where the injury was dressed. The physician says he is in no danger.

The magnificent granite state capitol at Austin, Tex., has become infested with centipedes of great size. These poisonous insects are to be found in every department of the state government. A few days ago one was seen in the governor's private office and after a lively chase it was killed. It measured 7 1/4 inches. The cause of this sudden pest of centipedes is unknown. They are particularly fond of damp places and large numbers of them have been seen about the sinks and lavatories of the building.

THE DAY'S WORK.

Do thy day's work, my dear. Though fast and dark the clouds are drifting near. Though time has little left for hope and very much for fear. Do thy day's work, though now The hand must falter and the head must bow, And far above the falling foot shows the bold mountain brow.

Yet there is left for us, Who, on the valley's verge, stand trembling thus, A light that lies far in the west—soft, faint, but luminous. We can give kindly speech And ready, helping hand to all and each, And patience to the young around by smiling silence teach.

We can give gentle thought And charity, by life's long lesson taught, And wisdom, from old faults lived down, by toil and failure wrought. We can give love, unmarred By selfish snatch of happiness, unjarred By the keen aims of power or joy that make youth cold and hard.

And, if gay hearts reject The gifts we hold, would fain fare on unchecked, On the bright roads that scarcely yield all that young eyes expect, Why, do thy day's work still. The calm, deep founts of love are slow to chill; And Heaven may yet the harvest yield, the work-worn hands to fill. —All the Year Round.

THE STURGIS WAGER A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE.
Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"That is just the point," replied Sturgis; "another witness will be biased by his interests or prejudices, blinded by jealousy, love or hatred, or handicapped by overzealousness, stupidity, lack of memory, or what not. Circumstantial evidence is always impartial, truthful, absolute. When the geologist reads the history of the earth, as it is written in its crust; when a Kepler or a Newton formulates the immutable laws of the universe, as they are recorded in the motions of the heavenly bodies, they draw their conclusions from evidence which is entirely circumstantial."

"Yes; but you forget that science has often been mistaken in its conclusions," interrupted Sprague, "so that it has constantly been necessary to alter theories to fit newly acquired or better understood facts."

"Granted," rejoined Sturgis, "but that is because the interpreters of the evidence are fallible; not because the evidence itself is incomplete. The same cause will always produce the same effect; the same chain of events will invariably terminate in one and the same catastrophe. The apparent deviations from this law are due to unrecognized differences in the producing causes, to additional or missing links in the chain of evidence. Therefore I hold that a criminal, however clever he may be, leaves behind him a complete trace of his every act, from which his crime may be reconstructed with absolute certainty by a competent detective."

"In short, 'Murder will out!'" said a man who had been a silent listener to the conversation up to this point. He spoke with a quiet smile, which barely escaped being a polite sneer.

Sturgis' keen eyes met his interlocutor's as he replied gravely:

"I should hardly care to make so sweeping an affirmation, Dr. Murdoch. I have merely stated that the history of every crime is indelibly written in tangible evidence. The writing is on the wall, but of course a blind man cannot see it, nor can an illiterate man understand it. Every event, however trivial, owes its occurrence to a natural cause, and leaves its indelible impress upon nature. The Indian on the trail reads with an experienced eye the story of his enemy's passage, as it has been recorded in trodden turf and broken twigs; while the bloodhound follows, with unerring judgment, a still surer though less tangible trail. The latter's quarry has left behind, at every step, an invisible, impalpable, and yet unmistakable part of itself. Perhaps my meaning can be made clear by an illustration. When a photographer in his dark room takes an exposed plate from his camera, it is apparently a blank; but in reality there is upon this plate the minutely detailed history of an event, which, in proper hands, can be brought before the least competent of observers as irrefutable evidence. Here, the actinic rays of the sunlight are the authors of the evidence; but every natural force, in one way or another, conspires with the detective to run the criminal to earth."

"Unless," suggested Murdoch, "the ability happens to be on the side of the quarry; in which case, the conspiracy of nature's forces turns against the hunter."

"Ah!" retorted the reporter, "the game is not an equal one. The dice are loaded. For while on the one hand the detective, if he falls into an error, has a lifetime in which to correct it, any misstep on the part of the criminal is fatal. And who is infallible?"

"Not the detective, at any rate," answered Murdoch, with suave irony. "It has always seemed to me that the halo which has been conferred upon him, chiefly through the efforts of imaginative writers of sensational fiction, is entirely undeserved. In the first place, most of the crimes of which we hear are committed either by men of low order of intelligence or else by madmen, in which latter category I include all criminals acting under the impulse of any of the passions—hatred, love, jealousy, anger. And then, while the detective shall be proclaimed from the rooftops, he is equally careful to suppress all accounts, or to suppress

every detail, of his failures, whenever there is any possibility of so doing. You can cite, I know, plenty of cases in which, even after the lapse of years, the crime has been discovered and the criminal has been confronted with his guilt, but—"

"In my opinion," piped the shrill voice of an elderly man of clerical aspect, "conscience is the surest detective, after all."

"Conscience!" retorted Murdoch, calmly; "the word is a euphemism. Man gives the name of conscience to his fear of discovery and punishment. There is no such thing as conscience in the criminal who has absolute confidence in his power to escape detection."

"But where is the man who can have that superb confidence in himself?" asked Sprague.

"His name is probably legion," answered Murdoch, quickly. "He is the author of every crime whose history remains forever unwritten."

"And are these really so numerous?"

"Let us see how the case stands in one single class of crime—say, for instance, murder. Whenever the solution of a sensational murder mystery is effected by the detectives, or by their allies, the gentlemen of the press, like our friend Mr. Sturgis, we, the gullible public, vociferously applaud the achievements of these guardians of the public safety, and forthwith proceed to award them a niche in the temple of Fame. So far, so good. But what of the dark mysteries which remain forever unsolved? What of the numerous crimes of which no one ever even knows?"

"Oh! come now, doctor," laughed Sprague, "isn't it rather paradoxical to base your argument on the assumption of crimes of whose very existence you admit you have no knowledge?"

Murdoch smiled grimly as he replied: "Go to the morgue of any large city, where the unrecognized dead are exposed for identification. Aside from the morbid crowd which is drawn to such a place by uncanny curiosity, you will find that each corpse is anxiously scanned by numbers of people, each of whom is seeking a missing friend or relative. At the most each body can furnish the key to only one mystery. Then what of the scores, ay, the hundreds of others?"

After a short pause, he continued:

"No; murder will not out—at least not when the criminal is what I might call a professional, a man of genius in his vocation, educated, intelligent, dispassionate, scientific. Fortunately for the reputation of the detective, amateur and professional, the genius in the criminal line is necessarily of a modest and retiring disposition. He cannot call the public attention to his ingenuity and skill; he cannot puff his achievements in the daily press. Not only are his masterpieces unsigned, but they remain forever unheard of. The detective is known only by his successes; the criminal's reputation is based solely upon his failures."

Dr. Murdoch delivered this parting shot with the cool deliberateness which



"Ah! THIS WILL DO."

was characteristic of the man. The insolent irony of his words was emphasized by the calmness of his bearing.

"I say, doctor," laughed Sprague, "you have missed your vocation. You should have adopted the profession of scientific criminal yourself. You seem to possess the theory of the science as it is, and a little experience would no doubt have made you an adept in the practice as well."

A look of mild amusement passed over Murdoch's countenance.

"Perhaps you are right, Mr. Sprague. At any rate, I think I may affirm, without overweening conceit, that if I had followed the course you suggest, I could have prepared for your friend Mr. Sturgis some pretty little problems on which to sharpen his wits. I feel that I could have been an artist as well as a scientist in that line."

"You might console yourself by writing an interesting and valuable book, under some such title as 'Hints to the Young Criminal,' or 'Crime as a Fine Art.' At all events, your criminals of genius have a staunch advocate in you. But what on earth have the detectives done to you to call forth this wholesale vituperation?"

"Nothing. But, as a disinterested observer, I like to see fair play. If I am mistaken in my estimation of the modern detective, I am open to conviction. I have \$5,000 to wager against \$100 that I can pick up any daily paper and from its columns select an unsolved riddle, to which no detective on the face of the earth can give the answer. Have I any taker, gentlemen?"

As he spoke, his eyes met Sturgis' and suddenly seemed to flash with an earnest defiance, which instantly melted into the calm, cynical smile of the man of the world.

"Done," said Sturgis, quietly.

"Very well, Mr. Sturgis," observed Dr. Murdoch, indifferently. "I shall confine myself to the columns of your own newspaper for the selection of the problem upon which you are to work,

"And," he added, with a supercilious smile, "you are at liberty to fix the limit of time in which the wager must be decided."

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed a young broker. "This is becoming interesting, and promises some sport for those of us who are giddy enough to enjoy staking something on this novel contest. I, for one, am willing to lay reasonable odds on the side of law and order, as represented by the enlightened press, in the person of our clever friend Sturgis. Come, Chadwick, will two to one against the scientific criminal tempt you to champion the cause of that apparently unappreciated individual?"

"Very well, Fred," answered the man addressed; "I'll take you for a hundred."

A few similar bets were laughingly arranged and a copy of the Evening Tempest was sent for.

CHAPTER III.

DR. MURDOCK'S PROBLEM.

Sprague's stag dinner was virtually over when a servant brought in a copy of the Evening Tempest. The dessert had been removed, the coffee and liqueurs had been served, and the guests had lighted their cigars. The host passed the newspaper to Dr. Murdoch, who proceeded to glance leisurely through its columns.

"Ah! this will do," he exclaimed, at last. "Here is something which will, I think, answer our purpose—"

"MYSTERIOUS SHOTS IN WALL STREET."

WHO FIRED THEM? STORY OF A STRAY SATCHEL.

THE POLICE PUZZLED.

"While on his beat, at a quarter past five o'clock, yesterday, Policeman John Flynn, hearing the report of a pistol from the direction of the Knickerbocker bank—"

"The Knickerbocker bank!" interrupted the young broker. "Mr. Dunlap, that interests you. Do your directors indulge in pistol practice at the board meetings?"

"What is that about the Knickerbocker bank?" asked the man to whom this speech was addressed. Having been engaged with his neighbor in an earnest discussion on financial questions, he had not been listening to the general conversation.

Murdoch adjusted his eyeglasses and quietly resumed:

"Policeman John Flynn, hearing the report of a pistol from the direction of the Knickerbocker bank, in Wall street, started at the top of his speed toward that building. When he was within about 20 yards of the bank another shot rang out, and at the same instant a man darted down the steps and ran toward Broadway."

Richard Dunlap, president of the Knickerbocker bank, was listening attentively enough now. Behind the calm mask of the financier there was the evident anxiety of the bank president. For the stability of a bank, like the honor of a woman, is at the mercy of every passing rumor.

"He carried in his hand a small satchel, which he dropped as soon as he saw that he was pursued. After an exciting chase Flynn overtook him, whom he recognized as Michael Quinlan, alias Shorty Duff, a well-known sneak thief. On the way back to the bank the policeman questioned his prisoner about the pistol shots. Quinlan vehemently denied having fired them, but admitted that he had stolen the satchel. His story is that as he was passing the bank, the outer door was ajar. Seeing the satchel in the vestibule, he entered, crouching low in order to avoid being seen through the inner door, the upper portion of which is of leaded glass. Scarcely had he laid his hands upon the satchel when he was startled by the report of a pistol. For a moment he was dazed and undecided how to act. Then, as no one seemed to take any notice of his presence, he was quietly slipping off, when a second shot was fired. Panic-stricken, he took to his heels, only to be captured by Flynn."

"On reaching the bank Flynn found the outer door closed, but not fastened. The heavy iron gate between it and the inner door was securely locked, however, so that it was impossible to enter. The Knickerbocker bank has a second entrance on Exchange place. But this, too, is protected by a massive iron gate, which also was found locked. Flynn rapped for assistance, and the call having been answered by Policemen Kilpatrick and O'Donnell, he left the former to watch the Exchange place door, and the latter to guard the entrance on Wall street, while he took his prisoner to the police station."

Messengers were at once dispatched to the house of Richard Dunlap, the president of the bank, and to that of Mr. George S. Rutherford, the cashier. The former was not at home, and the family being out of town, there was no one who knew where he was spending the evening."

Every eye turned toward Richard Dunlap as this paragraph was read. His features remained impassive, under the full control of the veteran financier; but to an observant eye like Sturgis', the man's real anxiety was betrayed by the unconscious action of his right hand, which lay upon the table and played nervously with a fork.

"Yes," said the banker, carelessly, feeling the curious gaze of the other guests upon him, and answering their unspoken questions, "yes, that is true; I did not tell my housekeeper that I was invited to dine by our friend Sprague this evening. There was, of course, no reason why I should. Well, Dr. Murdoch, did they find Rutherford?"

Murdoch had looked up while the banker was speaking. He now leisurely found his place and continued the reading of the article in the Tempest:

"The cashier fortunately was at home, and he hurried down town at once with his set of bank keys. Two detectives from the central office accompanied him, and the three men carefully searched the premises. They found nothing out of the way there, except that three gas jets were lighted and turned on full blaze. At first the detectives were inclined to think that bank robbers had gained an entrance to the building; and that one of them, having caught sight of Shorty Duff as he reached in to steal the satchel from the vestibule, had fired upon him. This would explain the pistol shots heard by Flynn. A careful examination of the bank, however, failed to reveal any trace of a bullet."

"The vaults, when opened, proved to contain only a change of linen for a man and a few toilet articles of but slight intrinsic value. The satchel itself is an ordinary cheap leather handbag, stamped in imitation of alligator skin."

"The police are now looking for its owner in the hope that he will be able to throw

some light on the mystery of the pistol shots."

When Dr. Murdoch had finished reading, everybody, except Dunlap and Sturgis, looked disappointed. The former settled back in his chair, the muscles of his face relaxed, and the anxious bank president once more became the genial and polished man of the world. The reporter sat gazing thoughtfully at his wineglass.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis," said Murdoch, "what do you think of my little problem?"

"I have already been assigned to work up this case for the Tempest," answered the reporter, quietly.

"Indeed? Perhaps you are the author of this very article? No? Then are you willing to make the solution of this little mystery the subject of our wager and the test of your theories?"

"Hold on, doctor," exclaimed Sprague; "you are doing Sturgis an injustice. Why pick out, as a test of his ability, a problem which, to all intents and purposes, has already been solved by the police? Give him some truly knotty question and he will be in his element; and then, at least, some interest will attach to your wager."

"Ah! you think the problem has already been solved?"

"To be sure. The article you have read is stated out as if it were going to prove interesting; but, instead of that, it ends in an anti-climax. What is the crime here? The confessed theft, by a petty sneak thief, of a satchel worth, with its contents, perhaps eight or ten dollars. And where is the mystery? The ownership of a few pieces of unmarked linen of so little value that the owner does not care to take the trouble to claim them."

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Sprague. While the crime in this case may be a petty theft, it contains, to my mind, interesting features, which you appear to lose sight of in your disdainful summary. The problem, it seems to me, involves a suitable explanation of two rather mysterious pistol shots, to say nothing of such minor details as lighted gas jets behind securely locked gates. As Mr. Sturgis has informed us, in his earnest and lucid way, every effect has a cause. I should like to know the cause that lighted the gas in the Knickerbocker bank."

"I shall probably find out that cause the day after to-morrow," said Mr. Dunlap, smiling, "and I shall give the fellow a talking to for his carelessness in forgetting to turn out the gas when he locked up."

"Mr. Dunlap's suggestion," continued Murdoch, "is plausible in itself, and we might even assume that the same careless employee, after locking up the bank, forgot to close the outer door on the Wall street side. But even then, we have not disposed of the ownership of the satchel nor of the two pistol shots. The police theory that these shots were fired by bank robbers seems, I admit, very far-fetched. Professional cracksmen would hardly be likely to fire unless cornered; and then they would fire to kill or at least to disable. If their bullets failed to hit the mark, they would at any rate leave some trace."

[To Be Continued.]

ORIGIN OF SCUTAGE.

A Feudal Tax That Was Exactred in the Time of Henry II. of England.

The tax or feudal payment known as "scutage" is in all our books described as a device introduced by Henry II. in 1156 or 1159, by which his tenants in chief, the feudal nobles of England, were allowed or required to pay a fixed sum in money in lieu of the fulfillment of the military requirements of their tenure, that is, to serve the king in the field with a certain number of followers. This, says the International Monthly, was supposed to have had the twofold advantage—indeed, to have been introduced for the twofold purpose—of providing the ambitious king with money with which to hire a more mobile and effective military force, and of weakening the military habits of the great vassals. It appears, however, on closer investigation, that scutages had been collected before the time of Henry II., and that they were not so much commutations of military service as a special form of feudal imposition scarcely distinguishable from the aid or the donum, though, it is true, collected when otherwise a summons to actual military service might have been expected. This is not the only instance where a closer study of the records has recently deprived famous rulers of the traditional credit of initiating far-reaching lines of policy.

Oh, Those Dear Girls.

"Poor fellow!" she said. "He proposed, but I had to refuse him."

"Ah!" exclaimed her dearest friend. "Then that explains it."

"Explains what?"

"Brother Tom said the men at the club were all congratulating him on something or other last night."—Chicago Post.

Cause and Effect.

"I hear the tenor is laid up with a sprained ankle," said the church choir baritone.

"Yes," giggled the soprano, "he slipped up on an organ pedal."—Philadelphia Record.

How Commerce Works.

Grocer—Broccorn has gone up. Clerk—What's that for? Grocer—Why, stupid, to keep up with the way we've raised the price of brooms.—Chicago Record.

So They Do.

"Do people ever have corns anywhere except on their feet?"

"Why, yes; farmers have corn in the ear."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

HEALTHY WOMEN.

Mary J. Kennedy, manager of Armour & Co.'s Exhibit at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, Neb., writes the following of Peruna, as a cure for the common phase of summer catarrh, known as indigestion. Miss Kennedy says:

"I found the constant change of diet incidental to eight years' traveling completely upset my digestive system. In consulting several physicians they decided I suffered with catarrh of the stomach. Their prescriptions did not seem to help me, so, reading the remarkable cures effected by the use of Peruna I decided to try it and soon found myself well repaid."

"I have now used Peruna for a month or three months and feel completely rejuvenated. I believe I am permanently cured, and do not hesitate to give unstinted praise to your great remedy, Peruna."

The causes of summer catarrh are first, chronic catarrh; second, derangements of the stomach and liver; third, impure blood. Such being the case, anyone who knows anything whatever about the operations of Peruna can understand why this remedy is a permanent cure for summer catarrh, eradicates chronic catarrh from the system, invigorates the stomach and liver, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and therefore permanently cures by removing the cause, —a host of maladies peculiar to hot weather. The cause being removed the symptoms disappear of themselves.

"Summer Catarrh" sent free to any address by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

MURPHY WAS MUCH PUZZLED.

He Managed to Give Satisfactory Answers to the Questions, However.

One of the New York enumerators called on an old Irishman who had his name, Murphy, chalked upon his door. He was very much perplexed, although he had been in the country long enough to go through several censuses.

"The census?" he exclaimed suspiciously. "Phwat is ut?"

"I told him that it was a record of the tribe of Murphys in the United States that was being prepared for the government, whereat he was greatly flattered, and wanted to tell me his family history as far back as he knew it. His memory, however, was defective, especially as to dates."

"The year of me birth?" he repeated, scratching his head. "Sure an' I don't know at all, at all." Then, after reflecting awhile he brightened up and said: "Sure, an' it was the year the crops failed in Ireland."

"Was it in '37?" I suggested, at a venture. He looked to be about 60.

"Faith an' it was that very year," he replied, and I let it go at that.

He had forgotten, too, the year of his arrival in America; but I remember that Horace Greeley was running for president at the time, he said.

Acrobatic.

After supper he procured his wife's best clothes from the back shed, fastened one end of it to his St. Bernard's collar and the other to the handle bar of his bicycle. Then he went out into the middle of the road and mounted. For about four rods, that is until the St. Bernard espied a canine friend, the sensation was dreamlike, after that it became one horrible nightmare. In desperation the rider clutched handle bars, back pedaled and fairly howled, until at last he became sufficiently cool to call to the dog to stop. It stopped all right, but the wheel had motions of its own. It was on this that struck the dog amidships, then it rose in the air, sending its rider toward cloudland. His head tried conclusions with the curb, and when they brought him to he promised his wife never to do it again.—Detroit Free Press.

A boy in the family always comes in handy when the pie left over isn't enough to save. —Acheson Globe.

Painful Periods

are overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Fifty thousand happy women testify to this in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful something is wrong which

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

will promptly set right, if excessive or irregular write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

Evidence abounds that Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine have for many years been helping women to be strong. No other advice is so unvaryingly accurate, no other medicine has such a record of cure.

Everybody

enjoys custard made from Burnham's Cream Custard. Just dissolve in hot milk and set away to harden. Indorsed by physicians as a healthful and nutritious food for Children and Invalids. All Grocers are giving a 10c. package free to a purchaser of a package of Burnham's Hasty Jelly—this Sweet Jelly preparation. Order to-day.

Who Owns Berea College?

Many people, even some who live in the village of Berea, do not fully understand the aims and workings of this great institution.

Before the War as we all have heard, it was begun, or founded. John G. Fee, J. A. R. Rogers, John Hanson and others drew up a constitution, or agreement, that was the beginning of the College. This constitution begins with the words, "In order to promote the Cause of Christ." All that has been done by this school is in Christ's name and for His glory.

The Constitution goes on to say that the object of the College shall be to furnish a thorough education to all worthy young people, at the least possible expense in money. The founders, and all who have since aided the Institution, believed that one of the best ways to promote the cause of Christ was to provide an education for all who really desired it. To give a man bread without making him pay what it is worth will do the man harm—make him lazy and a pauper. But to give a man education of the right sort will make him a good citizen.

The Founders of the school went out to secure money to pay teachers, build buildings, and so forth, so that they might give an education to all who were in earnest to get one. The money and other property was placed in the care of Trustees who are to use it according to the plan laid down in the Constitution. This Board of Trustees is continually renewed by the election of new members so that the work of the College will go on forever.

The new President's house is being built large and comfortable so that when the noble people who have given so generously for the work of the College come here—people like Dr. Pearsons and Helen Gould—they can be suitably entertained.

Berea College, then, is not a money-making institution, but a gift, a great public trust, an institution founded and conducted for the benefit of the people.

Good moral character is required as a condition for admission to the advantages of Berea College. The College does not ask, is he rich or is he poor? It does ask, is he a person of good moral character? And the young people at Berea are known and noted far and wide as honest, temperate, industrious, clean-hearted, and virtuous. Some young people have to be rejected every year. Some are not found out for a time. But where else can you find five hundred young men, and not a cigar or a pool of tobacco juice? Where else can you find so many young people who are strict in paying their board bills, and their laundry bills, and their dentist bills? Hundreds of young people learn in Berea from their Christian teachers how to be happy without being wicked, or foolish and they go forth to bless the homes and schools and churches of the land.

Something for everybody is offered in the different departments of this great school. We wish to say a word about these departments, so that parents may know where their child will be placed in the school. This is one of the great advantages of Berea. It has a separate teacher for each subject and for each grade, and can thus do far better by the pupils than the schools where a few teachers try to teach everything.

Model Schools. If your son or daughter is not advanced far enough to get a teacher's certificate they will be placed in the Model Schools, in the grade where they can do the best work and advance the most rapidly. Besides the regular studies in the Model Schools all are taught something about Singing, and Gardening, and the boys something about Carpentry, and the girls something about Sewing and Cooking.

Those who can only stay in school a short time are advised to put in a large part of the time in Carpentry or Housework so as to fit themselves as soon as possible to earn a good honest living.

The Sub-Preparatory or A Grammar is for those who have or could get a low-grade teacher's certificate, but who need more drill in the common branches. There are three divisions of this grade, one division for those who expect to take the *Normal Course*, which trains them for teachers; another division for those who expect to take the *Applied Science Course*, which fits them for Farmers, Housekeepers, and Business men; and the *Academy* which prepares them for higher education.

We will speak of these three courses, and other matters, next week. Keep this article for reference. You want to know all about your part in Berea College.

Correspondence.

Owsley County.

Booneville.

A good rain Thursday. Farmers are rejoicing.

A fine crop of apples on Lower Buffalo Creek.

The little son and only child of W. B. Bullock died on last Monday.

A. J. Chandler, of Indian Creek, made a short visit to this place last Tuesday.

An effort is being made to get a new post-office at Elfred Eversole's on Cow Creek.

Preston Combs' oldest boy got his foot hurt very badly a few days ago by a wagon.

M. J. Reynolds and John Moore, of Cow Creek, are visiting friends and relatives in Jackson county.

William Wilder, of this place has a turnip growing in his garden which measures $\frac{1}{2}$ feet across the top.

Old uncle Henry Bowman, of this place says he can recollect when his father had to contend with the Indians in this county.

White's Cream Vermifuge not only effectually expels worms, but is unequalled as a tonic, and is a certain and permanent cure for Chills and Fever in children. Price 25 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Madison County.

Panola.

We have had some splendid showers this week.

Mr. J. P. Logsden is recovering from a broken arm.

Mrs. W. R. Carr has been very ill, but is getting better.

Mr. Dan Thomas is teaching at the Thomas School-house.

Miss Bush, of College Hill, is teaching the Red Hill School.

Mr. Speed Hendrix, of Bearwallow, is visiting John Dalton.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Powel visited friends here Thursday.

The farmers are trying to stack their oats between showers.

Mr. Richard Chrisman has gone to Otter Creek in search of work.

Mrs. Nancy Ledford is visiting her daughter at McKee in Jackson county.

The merchants here are doing a thriving business in logs, lumber and ties.

Rev. Long has just finished a protracted meeting at Red Hill School-house.

Messrs. Will and John Pearson and M. A. Logsden went to High Bridge Sunday.

The contractors are ready to begin building a new pike from Speedwell to Brassfield.

Miss Katie Benton returned from Lexington Saturday where she has been visiting friends.

Miss Addie Johnstone has just returned from College Hill where she has been visiting her uncle, Dr. Combs.

Mr. Clarence Johnstone has just returned from Pinckard where he has been working for the Western Union Telegraph Company.

A mad dog created considerable excitement in our town last week, entering the house of Polk Logsden and badly frightening Mrs. Logsden. It was finally shot in the parlor before it had hurt anyone.

There's no need to go to the PARIS EXPO.

LEXINGTON HORSE SHOW, FAIR AND CARNIVAL
August
1900--13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18--1900

\$30,000—PURSE—\$30,000
LIVE STOCK, Trotting, Pacing, Running, Mule Races.

Free Attractions.

THE HUNGARIAN BOYS' MILITARY BAND.

35—Fine Lads direct from Hungary in Daily Concerts—35.

THE WERTZ FAMILY.

6—MEMBERS—6

Aerialists Supreme.

These celebrated families will give FREE PERFORMANCES each day in front of the grand stand.

THE DILLWORTH FAMILY.

8—MEMBERS—8

Unrivaled Acrobats.

The ARCADIAN VILLA

Will include the most gorgeous, extensive and attractive array of amusement features, the best and highest priced artists and the grandest aggregation of Oriental and modern novelty features ever congregated under one management. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS IT.

E. W. SHANKLIN, Secretary, Lexington, Ky.

Excursion rates on all railroads. See posters and small hand bills.

Jackson County.

Collingsworth.

Mr. J. Powell, of this place is at Livingston selling goods.

The school at Birch Lick is progressing nicely—J. M. Gilbert teacher.

Mrs. Hays, of Berea, and Mrs. Smith, of Illinois, passed through here on their way to Annville and other parts to organize Sunday-schools.

Drip Rock.

Had a good rain here the 18th which was badly needed.

D. C. Alcorn has returned from Berea where he has been visiting.

Miss Etta Gay began her school here on the 16th. She has a full school.

Prof. Raymond and wife, and Mrs. Merrow recently visited at H. H. Fowler's.

Mr. Click, agent for the Marysville Woolen Mills, will be in this vicinity in a few days for the wool.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Sparks are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl at their home. Daniel says it's the eighth wonder of the world.

Green Hall.

Luther Wilson is teaching at Hickory Flat.

Miss Carrie Gilbert visited her cousin, Miss Mary Minter, Saturday.

R. D. Hale and Walker Treadway attended church at Rock Spring Sunday.

Rev. James Anderson preached to a large audience Sunday at Rock Spring.

Miss Ella A. Mahaffey, from Berea, is visiting her sister, Mrs. David Flanery.

Mrs. Lucy Wilson was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Eliza Minter, Thursday.

Mr. Chester Mainous and sister, Jennie, of Buck Creek, attended church at Rock Spring Sunday.

The Teachers' County Institute was held at McKee July 23. Prof. I. M. Holcomb, of Oklahoma City, was instructor.

Evergreen.

Miss Minnie Lake is teaching school at Narrow Gap.

Miss Nannie Lake went to Disputanta to begin her school.

People are done with their crops and are putting up berries.

Mr. Law, of Welchburg, is visiting this vicinity selling Bibles.

Mr. Amyx, of Pond Creek, is visiting relatives at Evergreen.

Miss Ella Lake is teaching at Davis Branch, Rockcastle county.

Mrs. Sallie Hellard was the guest of Mrs. Elizabeth Lake Saturday.

Rev. Mason Jones, of Boyle county, preached at Pine Grove Sunday to a large audience.

Robert Maupin and Robert Rose returned home. They have been at Louisville for moonshining.

Mr. Edward Lake and family were greatly entertained Thursday by Misses Katie and Nannie Lake.

Is your liver tired? Does it fail to do its duty? If so don't neglect its call for help. A few doses of Herbine may save you a spell of sickness. Herbine is the only perfect liver medicine. It cures chills and fever. Price 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

THE SCHOOL.

A Letter From Silas.

DEAR CITIZEN:

I've got a short-horn calf that's a plumb dandy. I call him Bute. But he's only a calf.

An 'tother day out in the cow lot I axed him, "Bute," says I, "what are you thinkin' about?"

But he didn't say nothin'.

"Well," says I, "I don't guess you're thinkin' enough about anything to give you softenin' o' the brain!"

An' Bute, he never contradicted me.

"Well," says I, "whether you are thinkin' or not, I am a thinkin', what earthly good was it to you that you was born into this world?"

Then that ar calf looked kinder thoughtful, but he was only makin' believe.

"Are ye proud o' yer fine clothes?" says I. "Sakes alive, though, but you hain't got none an' don't want 'em! An' would ye like to live in a fine house with a carpet, an' with pictures on the walls? Or does the old dirty cow shed suit you just as well? An' do ye love yer mammy?"

says I. "Only for what she gives you," says I to myself. "You'd love a milk bucket just as well. But I don't guess you'd lay down yer life for yer mammy,—would you Bute? When you get big an' have horns you'll drive her away from the bucket o' slop an' eat it all away from her! Won't you, now? An' ye can't play only just one game, an' that's a runnin' around kinder crazy, like."

An' Bute, he switched his tail, but it wan't to mean like nodding his head. Hit was only to brush the flies off.

"Now looky here, Bute," says I, "do you know that God made you? Or did you never hear tell about God at all?"

An' still Bute never said nothin'.

"Well then Bute," says I, "if you're bad off as that, you're ignorant an' ought to learn. Do you reckon they could teach you anything if you went to school? How'd you like to try goin' to school, anyhow?"

Then that ar calf just said "ba!" slow an' solemn, like. But I knowed he didn't mean it.

"You everlastin' critter, you," says I, "I'd keep my mouth shut if I was you, unless I had su'thin' sensible to say. Now, Bute, I tell ye what. I've thought of one thing in this world that you've got sense enough to enjoy. An' that's drinkin' fresh milk. I don't blame ye, for 'tis mighty good. Only you gulp that down so greedy I bet you don't half taste it!"

"Fact is, Bute," says I, "I've made up my mind to one thing. If I had a chance give me to live a thousand years an' just be a calf all the time, I wouldn't give fifty cents for the blessed privilege. So now! I'd die like a man when my time come, and leave them fifty cents to the preacher!"

An' Bute, he walked off like he didn't want to be seen talkin' with a sensible person like me. But he wan't to blame, you know. He was only a calf!

But I fell to thinkin' how a heap o' people, who was born to be men, take up the calf way o' doin' things, or rather o' not doin' nothin', nor studyin' none, nor knowin' nothin'. An' I thought that all the blamed enjoyment that they get in their whole lives ain't equal to what God Almighty intended for us to enjoy in ten minutes, if we'd only do things right!

Yours truthfully,
SILAS SHINGLES.

THE HOME.

Edited by MRS. KATE U. PUTNAM, Teacher in Berea College.

A Seed Convention.

Continued from last week.

"If you please," spoke up a rough little Burr, "I should like to speak next. Mother Nature did not give me wings to fly, but she gave me little hooks, and told me to catch on to anything that might be passing by."

"I got about disheartened. I thought no one would pass by, but at last a dog, with a long, curly coat came rushing past. I hooked on to him, and got a free ride to this place."

"I am what is called a Burr from a burdock. We have very insignificant flowers, but we Burr make people notice us. Little children love to gather us and make us into baskets."

"The first rain that comes will probably press me into the ground, and if it does, I shall lay there until spring, then I shall begin to grow."

"When Jack Frost came and opened my very prickly burr or cradle," said the little Chestnut, "which is like velvet inside, I was the first one to fall out. I thought I would never quit falling, but I did at last, and I lay on the ground for a few days, when a little squirrel came running along and picked me up."

"After he picked up quite a number of chestnuts, off he started for his home. When he reached here I think he found that he had more than he could conveniently carry, so he dropped me, and here I have laid."

"I shall stay here this winter, and when the warm days of spring come, I shall awaken. The bluebird and the robin will be the first to call me, then how happy I shall be to begin my new life. I hope I shall grow into a noble tree."

"I should like to speak a few words," said the Thistle, "before we adjourn. I am a winged seed, like the Milkweed and the Dandelion. My ancestors have always been travellers. I am a Scotch Thistle; how my ancestors ever got to America I cannot tell, but we are here to stay. We have relations much smaller than we are,—they are called the Canada Thistle, they travelled a long way, too."

"I thought I would speak to-day for to-morrow I may not be here. I am now quite securely weighted down, but it may not be for long; perhaps I shall stay here all winter, who can tell? As it is getting late, I move we adjourn. Who seconds it?"

"I," cried the Chestnut, and the little Burr; the little Dandelion and the Milkweed were flying along at such a rate they did not hear the motion.

What among human ills are more annoying than piles? The afflictions that prevent active exercise are bad enough, but one that makes even rest miserable is worse. Women are among its greatest martyrs. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment will cure the most obstinate cases. Price, 50 cts. in bottle, tubes 75c. S. E. Welch, Jr.

The Lexington Horse Show, Fair and Carnival, Aug. 13-18.

\$1,700 given away to Shorthorn cattle alone at the Lexington Horse Show, Fair and Carnival, Aug. 13-18.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

The Evolution of the Plow.

To study the evolution of the plow it is necessary to go back some four thousand years, and even in those far-off centuries sculptures on ancient monuments prove that the plow was then in common use.

Again in the book of Job, one of the most ancient of writings, the first chapter speaks of the plow: "The oxen were plowing and the asses feeding beside them."

In Egypt, British India and in remote parts of Spain plows of the most primitive type may be seen.

The fundamental idea of our modern plow was derived from Holland. Employed in Holland at the beginning of the eighteenth century, it was then introduced into England and became very popular among progressive farmers about 1730.

It was highly recommended by Jethro Tull. Tull was the foremost agriculturist of his day. To him belongs the honor of being the first to enunciate the essential principle of plowing, namely, pulverizing the soil.

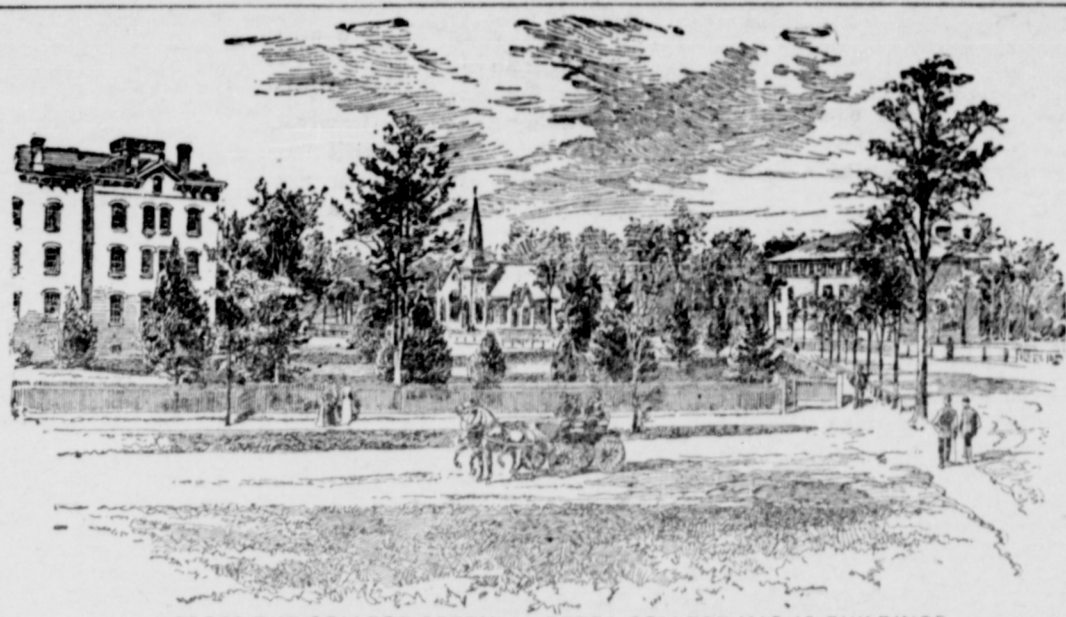
In 1785 Robert Ransome, of Ipswich, England, succeeded in making a plowshare of cast-iron, and in 1803 he discovered and patented a method for churning shares.

In 1780 Thomas Jefferson, the American Ambassador, writing from France, says: "Oxen plow here with collars and harness. The awkward figure of the moldboard leads one to consider what should be its form." Later Jefferson put his theory of cone-shaped moldboards into practice in Virginia.

Charles Nebold, of Burlington, N. J., made the first American cast-iron plow in 1797. It however, did not come into general use owing to the intense popular prejudice. The farmers held that Newbold's cast-iron plows poisoned the land and caused the weeds to grow. The reason that the weeds increased was, of course, owing to the improved cultivation. Later Newbold substituted a wrought-iron share for the cast-iron one, but it met a like fate. In 1807 David Peacock, of New Jersey took out a patent for an improved plow, and with a fast vanishing prejudice it came into general use.

During all these years the effort of plow manufacturers had been to form a moldboard that would turn the furrow. The most important factor, that of fining the sod, was totally neglected, and in America it was not till the year 1839 that Samuel Witherton and David Pierce saw the need of a plow that would pulverize the soil to a much greater degree. They stated that the only way in which the fining process could be effected was by bending the furrow-slice on a curved surface so formed that it would be twisted somewhat in the manner of a screw. In 1837 Daniel Webster invented a plow capable of turning a furrow twelve to fourteen inches deep.

To eradicate worms from the system give the child plain, nourishing food and White's Cream Vermifuge. The result will be, the worms will disappear and the child become healthy and cheerful. Price 25 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.



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